

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NIGHT

An old road sign that reads "Route 66" with an extra spray-painted on "6" stands next to a desert highway. This tranquil scene is disturbed by a car currently on fire screeching to a halt mere inches away from the sign. The door opens and out bursts SAM POOTS, a small woman wearing jeans and a faded concert t-shirt with a tattoo on her arm that reads "Wolves are Murderdogs." She stands silhouetted in the flames.

SAM

This is equal parts sad and awesome.

CUT TO:

ABIGAIL BERKELEY, a perfectly reasonable woman, drives at a perfectly reasonable speed down the highway. She turns on the radio. Static. She scans through the channels. Static. She turns off the radio. Her eyelids droop. She shakes her head.

ABIGAIL

Come on, Abigail. Focus.

The car drifts off the road. She veers back into the lane. She rubs her eyes and opens them in time to see Sam hit the car. Abigail slams on the brakes as Sam rolls off the back.

Abigail gets out and approaches Sam, who lies face down.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Miss? Are you okay? I'm going to check your pulse. Is that okay?

Abigail squeezes Sam's wrist, unsure of what she's doing. She checks to see if Sam's breathing. Nothing.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Oh god. Ohgodohgodohgod.

She runs around, trying to get a signal on her phone. Nothing. She sits on her back bumper and closes her eyes.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Focus, Abigail.

CUT TO:

Abigail buckles Sam into the backseat. She drives off, one hand on the wheel, the other holding her cellphone.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Please please please give me a signal.

SAM  
Yo, you really shouldn't text and  
drive.

Abigail screams. The car veers off of the road and sideswipes  
the guard rail. The passenger side mirror flies off the car.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Wooooooo!

Abigail slams on the brakes and the car stops.

SAM (CONT'D)  
(giggling)  
Are you okay?

ABIGAIL  
Am *I* okay? I thought you were *dead*!

SAM  
Fuck, I'm *alive*! Have you ever been  
hit by a car before?

ABIGAIL  
No.

SAM  
You should! The trick is to go  
limp. I'm so wired right now! It's  
like I did three lines of coke! My  
whole body's just- I'm trembling!

Sam grabs Abigail's hand and moves it to her shoulder.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Feel it?

Abigail yanks her hand back. Sam winces.

ABIGAIL  
We should get you to a hospital.

Sam slams her shoulder into the door. It pops back in socket.

SAM  
I'm fine! No hospital!

Abigail looks nauseous.

ABIGAIL  
Okay, fine. No hospitals. Does your  
phone have a signal?

SAM

No signal. No phone. I left it in the fire- I mean, car- I mean, car fire.

ABIGAIL

Car fire?

SAM

Yeah, which is ironic because it was a burner phone. Or it's not ironic? But, like, it's something, though! We need a word for that!

Abigail stares at Sam.

SAM (CONT'D)

Sorry, I'm still high off of the adrenaline. And maybe some other stuff.

ABIGAIL

Okay, well, I'll drive you to the nearest town and when we get there you can call a friend or family member or drug dealer or whatever sort of person you have attached to you and have them come get you.

SAM

So you're just going to abandon me.

ABIGAIL

I mean, no, but I have things that I need to do. I can't wait around for you to get picked up, so-

Sam throws her leg over the backseat into the front seat.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

What are you--

Sam rolls up a pants leg to reveal an ankle monitor.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Oh my god!

SAM

See, the tricky part was turning it off. Turning it back on? That's a piece of cake.

ABIGAIL

What are you saying?

Sam climbs the rest of the way over the backseat.

SAM

I'm saying you even think about abandoning me, I turn it on and the cops are on me faster than you can say "Get your hands off me, pigs! I know my rights!" And you? You're aiding and abetting a fugitive. I'm betting you definitely don't have time for that.

ABIGAIL

Where do you want to go?

SAM

I dunno. Where do you wanna go?

ABIGAIL

San Bernardino.

SAM

Who wants to go to that shithole?

ABIGAIL

I do. I have to.

SAM

You have to? Aw, shit, are you a criminal, too? Did I wind up hitching with a psycho killer?

ABIGAIL

No, are you?

SAM

Maybe.

Abigail starts hyperventilating.

SAM (CONT'D)

Okay, jeez! No. Just trying to keep an air of mystery.

Abigail's breathing slows down slightly.

ABIGAIL

So what did you do?

SAM

A terrible, naughty, but most importantly, fun thing. But enough about me. Air of mystery. Why do you *have* to go to San Bernardino?

ABIGAIL  
Paperclips.

SAM  
Paperclips?

ABIGAIL  
Paperclips.

SAM  
Stop being better at this air of  
mystery thing! Explain.

ABIGAIL  
I work for a company that makes  
office supplies. I have an  
important presentation to give  
tomorrow. "*Practical Paperclips for  
Practical People*." See, I have this  
marketing idea-

SAM  
Wow. Okay. Air of mystery  
evaporated. Holy shit, that's  
boring. So is San Bernardino. Let's  
turn this bad boy around and hit up  
Vegas!

ABIGAIL  
Sorry, no. These paperclips are my  
life.

SAM  
That is truly the saddest thing  
I've ever heard. Look, we go to  
Vegas or I turn this on.

Sam taps her ankle monitor. Abigail grips the steering wheel.  
She very quietly and politely screams.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Jesus! Calm down. I've never seen  
anyone with a hard-on for  
paperclips. Fine, we'll go to San  
Bernardino, nerd. Just... drive.

Abigail pulls the car back onto the road.

ABIGAIL  
Sorry. I've never been a hostage  
before.

SAM

Look, I'm not keeping you hostage.  
I'm setting you free.

Abigail makes an unpleasant noise from deep within her.

SAM (CONT'D)

Oh, come on! What can I do to make  
you relax?

ABIGAIL

Tell me what you did to get the  
ankle monitor.

SAM

I totally killed a dude.

ABIGAIL

Look, I'm not the best with jokes.

SAM

You will be when I'm through with  
you. This is fun! You're like a  
project! At the end, I remove your  
glasses, let down your hair, and  
then you get to fuck the jock.

ABIGAIL

Maybe you should just turn the  
monitor back on.

SAM

Okay, rule number one: The monitor  
only gets turned on if I want it to  
be turned on. Rule number two:  
There are no rules.

ABIGAIL

What about rule number one?

SAM

That one was about the monitor.  
Keep up. Name's Sam, by the way.  
Sam Poots.

ABIGAIL

Oh.

SAM

What's your name? That's how  
introductions work.

ABIGAIL

Er, Abigail. Abigail Berkeley.

SAM

Why don't you call yourself Abby?  
Abby is the name of a cool person.

ABIGAIL

I'm not a cool person.

SAM

Sure you are! You've got a sweet-ass car that's not on fire. You're picking up sexy hitchhikers at night. You've got dealings in San Bernardino. You're worried that *I'm* a psycho? Shit, man. What kinda guns are you smuggling?

ABIGAIL

I don't have any guns.

SAM

Not even a little one?

ABIGAIL

No.

SAM

Wanna see mine?

Sam pulls out a small revolver. The car swerves.

ABIGAIL

Why do you have a gun?!

SAM

Guns come in handy for all sorts of things. Opening beer cans. Burglary. Killing pigeons. The list goes on.

ABIGAIL

Are you going to kill me?

SAM

Don't worry. If I wanted to kill you, I totally could have already. You don't even have any guns.

Abigail slams on the brakes. Sam smashes into the dashboard into unconsciousness and drops the gun. Abigail speeds off.

ABIGAIL

Okay, calm down. She's concussed. That's the best possible thing you could have hoped for.

(MORE)

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Well, no, that would be her never getting in the car in the first place. Or already being in San Bernardino. Or your dad-

A neon glow drifts across Abigail's face and distracts her. "Merle's 24-Hour Beef Jerky, Live Snake, and Hardcore Porno Emporium." Abigail pulls in and runs inside.

INT. MERLE'S - NIGHT

Rows of beef jerky are carefully arranged. A row of aquariums line the back of the store, filled with exotic snakes. The pornography is discreetly displayed. MERLE, a burly-looking biker, mans the counter.

ABIGAIL

Do you have a phone?

MERLE

Back past the Teriyaki, take a left at the Gangbangs, and it's right next to the Pythons. Can't miss it.

ABIGAIL

Thank you! You're a lifesaver!

Merle smiles as she heads towards the back.

MERLE

I *am* a lifesaver. I deserve a break. Think I'll take five and go play with my snake.

Abigail stares unhappily at an old payphone. She digs around in her pockets for change.

SAM

(off-screen)

I can't believe you!

She turns around. Sam, shaking, points a gun at her.

SAM (CONT'D)

What were you trying to do? Kill me?

ABIGAIL

No! It just happened! And frankly, that's a lot of indignation coming from the person who was arrested for murder and is pointing a gun at me right now!



SAM

I wasn't arrested for *murder*! I was under house arrest! You don't get put under house arrest for murder unless you dropped the hottest album of the year!

ABIGAIL

But you said-

SAM

I lied! I lie a lot! It's a thing about me.

ABIGAIL

Okay, so... what did you do?

SAM

I was working for... some guys. And they killed some people. When I found out about it, I was pissed. Which is why I shot their pigeon.

Sam lowers the gun.

SAM (CONT'D)

Also I had done a bunch of whippets that day so I was in a weird place.

ABIGAIL

Are you in a weird place now?

Sam looks around at the weird store she's in and shrugs.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Are you going to shoot me?

SAM

Pff, I was never gonna shoot you! This thing isn't even loaded!

ABIGAIL

Then give it to me.

Sam pauses for a moment and then hands her the gun.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

So you're sure it's not loaded?

SAM

Do I look like I'm sure?

ABIGAIL

I'm not sure?

Abigail unintentionally points the gun at Sam, who jumps.

SAM

Me neither! So you should really put that thing down and not be pointing it at a person. Do you even know how to use it?

ABIGAIL

I mean, there's a trigger and-

BAM! Some nearby porno disappears. Abigail shrieks.

SAM

Okay so yeah, you definitely need to put that down now and-

Sam notices something out of the corner of her eye.

SAM (CONT'D)

Oh, shit, Abby, get down!

Sam tackles Abigail to the ground as - BAM! - beef jerky wrappers explode around them. They book it out of the store.

Merle perches behind the counter, a shotgun in his hands and a python around his neck. He puts the python in an aquarium.

MERLE

Wait here, Hickory Jalapeño. Daddy's gotta take care of business.

EXT. MERLE'S - NIGHT

Sam jumps into the driver's seat of Abigail's car.

SAM

Keys!

ABIGAIL

What? No!

SAM

Out of the two of us, who do you think is a better getaway driver?

ABIGAIL

The one whose car didn't burn down!

BAM! The driver's side mirror disappears.